

HOME COMING.
Back after journeying through of gulfed seas,
Back from long voyages among distant shores,
I did not guess what hosts of unity
Lay hidden among the forests of these my friends
Abundant as the stars in the sky's blue vaults,
Crowned me and comforted me as a transient king
With those I loved and those I had dreamed of till now
Not half so rich in joy as warm reality.
While clear through every greeting, equable
As breezes through a grove of sister trees,
One bland familiar human impulse floated:
Different, indeed, the welcome had I found
Back from that vaporous voyage would must make
Blossom or later to the smile of home.
How then the faces turned toward mine would
Flash with inquiry, amazement, awe! How faith would
Clutch.
My hand victoriously how release, then,
Eager for larger lore, would clasp my knees!
And, ah, how childlike a question's eyes of ice
Would blaze upon me their supreme surprise
Edgar Poe's "The Yellow Wallpaper."

AKENTUCKY "WARNING."

Late one afternoon in September I reached the cabin of John Hungerford. In a cove of the Kentucky mountains. The family consisted of father, mother and three small children, and there were many comforts about the place. Hungerford was an Irishman, hard working man, and one of unusual intelligence for a mountaineer, and the wife and children were far above the average. They extended a right royal welcome, and we had been visiting away for two hours when a woman rode up on a mule. The beast was badly blown and wet with perspiration, and the woman must have come with important news. Now was developed a trait peculiar to all the southern mountaineers. They are game to a man—and woman. They are the coolest people in the face of danger one ever saw.
"Howdy, John?" queried the woman as she drew rein at the door, and as Mrs. Hungerford appeared she added, "And howdy, Mary?"
Both answered that they were well, and John replied:
"How are you, Sarah?"
"All able to dig, thanks, John."
"Come an' take some 'n't water!"
"Reckon they be, what little we've got, but back and roots pays better. Chilling any this fall, Mary?"
"Not a bit, Sarah!"
"Haven't heard from them, uns, I reckon?" queried Hungerford after a long pause, during which the woman tried to size me up.
"Mebbe. Who may he 'un be?"
"Stranger from the north."
"Sartin?"
"I'm shore."
"Will he back with ye—stand to your back in case of trouble?"
"Haven't mentioned, but I reckon."
"Well, then, they 'uns is coming up to-night to put on the hickory."
"Ha! Who said it?"
"Heard it at the corners. It's shore. Basset is gwine to lead 'em. Are ye prepared, Jim?"
"Reckon."
"And Mary?"
"She 'un is prepared."
"Well, then, that's all I've got to say. Hope you'll hurt they 'uns till they'll behave themselves. Good-by, John—good-by, Mary."
She was off with that. I had a dim suspicion of what was meant, but the coolness of the trio puzzled me. When she was out of sight I asked:
"Is it trouble?"
"Stranger," replied Hungerford, as he pulled a twig off a bush and bit at it. "I've been warned away!"
"How—why?"
"Took sides with the Oldhams against the Bassetts, and the Bassetts have warned me to leave."
"And as you have refused to go they are coming to take you out and switch you?"
"Exactly—if they kin!"
"And are they coming to-night?"
"I reckon."
"And you?"
"I sh'd be ready."
We sat in silence for a moment. I looked up at Mrs. Hungerford, but she was sitting away and trotting her foot as placidly as if danger was at the other end of the world. The children soon began a game of tag, and the husband softly whistled as he switched the twig over the ground.
"Great heavens! but you take it coolly," I exclaimed as I noted everything.
"Stranger," answered Hungerford as he turned to me, "I need somebody to back with me to-night. This ain't your fuss. You don't know the Oldhams from the Bassetts. 'Deed you may have stayed with an Oldham last night. You don't want to mix in and get ye?"
"I don't want to kill or be killed, but can't I help you some other way?"
"You kin. He 'un is all right. Mary I know he 'un was."
"Glad out," she briefly replied, not even looking up from her knitting.
Hungerford took the whole matter as coolly as if it was an ordinary business transaction. There was only one way by which his cabin could be approached. It was arranged that I should secrete myself in the cowshed on the one hand, and his wife in the smoke house on the other, and at the proper moment this flank fire would have its effect.
Hungerford was to hold the house, and he was the only one who was to shoot to kill. As he said it wasn't my fuss, but it wasn't human nature to leave him to fight a mob alone. When all had been arranged we went into supper, and after the meal a double barreled shotgun was got down and loaded for the wife. The husband had his army musket, which he loaded with buckshot, and I had my revolver as a weapon. As we finished our preparations and sat down on the door step the wife carelessly inquired of her husband:
"Gwine to shoot to kill, John?"
"Reckon I ought," he replied.
"And me?"
"That's according. Mebbe you'll have to."
"And the stranger?"
"Oh, he'll fire high."
"Pap, can't I shoot?" asked the eldest girl of 10.
"Shet, Tilly!"
The children went off into a corner and rejected that there was going to be "a foot," but by and by grew sleepy and went off to bed. Up to 10 o'clock we talked of everything but the coming event. At that hour Hungerford said:
"Reckon it's time they'll be here by 11."
The wife tied a shawl over her head, picked up her musket and the gun and walked off to her station with never a word. I went over to the shed, took the place picked out for me and five minutes later all was darkness and silence. It was just about 11 that I heard the low hum of voices and the footfalls of men, and ten minutes later four or five of the gang of twenty came directly up to the

shed and leaned against it as they entered the house.
"All sound asleep," whispered one.
"We are dead shore of him," added a second.
"There's to be no let up, boys!" cautioned a third.
"We must switch him till he gives in. We've had enough fooling."
"What of the wife?" whispered the first.
"Blast her! She's as bad as he is. Let's give her a taste of the gad, too!"
"Agreed!"
One of them went away to call up the crowd, and in a few minutes all were assembled. Then I glanced from their whispers that John Hungerford was to be whipped to death, and that his wife was to receive less merciful treatment. They even planned to fire the house, and wipe out the whole family root and branch. At a signal all advanced, and five or six men jumped against the door. It was barred. Then a voice called:
"Open, John Hungerford! We've come for ye, and we are bound to have ye!"
The words were answered by a shot from the house, and then the shotgun roared from the smoke house. I elevated the muzzle of my revolver and fired six shots over the confused and flying crowd, and next moment all who could get away were gone. Hungerford came out with a lantern, and by its light we saw two dead men and three wounded. The wife had also shot to kill. One of the wounded was just speaking. The other two, who were strangers to the family and belonged in a distant village begged for mercy and promised all sorts of reformation in the future.
In the morning, as I was ready to go on, there were three dead outside the door and the two wounded were groaning with pain. The nearest doctor was five miles away, and I was to stop and leave word for him. As I left the house Mrs. Hungerford said:
"Thankee, stranger, and we won't forget it."
And the husband said:
"It wasn't your fuss, of course, but what a shame to have wasted all them bullets!"
"Good-by, and God bless ye!"—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.
Visiting southerners—at least those from Texas—are not at all pleased with the rush of northern railroads, if we may believe Maj. Martin, of that state. They are used to a very different sort of doings. By way of illustration the major tells this story:
I remember that a woman one evening asked the conductor of a train in my state to stop at a certain place all night. She wanted to spend the night with some friends, she said, and if he didn't oblige her she should have to wait twenty-four hours for a train.
The conductor said he hated to be disobliging to a lady, but he didn't like to delay the other passengers. Finally he agreed to talk it over with them, and we decided that if her friends would give us lodging and breakfast we wouldn't mind an extra day spent on the way.
The train waited half an hour while she got off and consulted with her friends, and just as we were about to leave the place she came and told us that they had agreed to the terms. The first in the engine were backed, and the train left on the track. Next morning after a comfortable night spent in the farm house, we left the place twelve hours late. Talk about accommodating railroad!—New York Tribune.
Room for Suspicion.
The Rev. Sampson Doolittle lives in the suburbs. The other evening he met Brother Reacup in a back street, strutting coarsely along with an empty bag on his shoulder.
"Hi, Brer Reacup," said the Rev. Mr. Doolittle. "Wan' yo' gwine so sly wid dat bag dis houn' in de chernain?"
"I hopes yo' don't spic' 'ac after chickens, Brer Doolittle!" exclaimed Brother Reacup indignantly.
"Spic'!" replied the Rev. Doolittle. "Dis bag's a spic' yo' ob dat! But I got just him to say. Brer Reacup, an' dat is, ef I draps into yo' house 'n' sh' to dinan an' axes yo' to a wing an' a piece ob de dress an' de piece dat goes ober de fence las', wid plenty ob gravy, an' yo' says yo' hain't got no chicken, I'll spic' yo' ob p'varicatin', Brer Reacup, dat's what I will."—Chicago Special Press Bureau.
What a Dollar Will Do.
Four gentlemen sit down to dine in a hotel. They sit for some time, yet none of the waiters pays any attention to their wants. They are hungry. After a moment's consultation each of the gentlemen lays a dollar beside his plate. There is a marked change in the behavior of the waiters. The four gentlemen become interested. The four leisurely pick their teeth and calmly put their dollars back into their pockets. They even smile. The waiters don't—Jury.

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Marcus R. Colburn,
DRAYMAN.
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Has opened a branch of his draying business at
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And is prepared to undertake
Carting, Draying & Hauling
At all parts of Ewa.
Orders received at Pearl City Stables, on First and Second streets, Pearl City, or at his office in Honolulu (with J. P. Colburn & Co.), corner of Nuuanu and Queen streets.
Good stabling with or without board, for a limited number of horses.
737 2w
NOTICE.
THE firm of Kwong Hang Chan & Co. hereby notify the public that Mr. Lai Bow, who has hitherto been manager of the business of said firm at Honolulu, has this day retired from such management, and is no longer connected with said firm; also, that Mr. Wong Yang Ching has this day been appointed as manager of said firm's affairs, and is alone authorized to sign the firm name.
KWONG HANG CHAN & CO.
Honolulu, 19th Dec., 1890 740 ft

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